

**'Unpublished'**  
**Colin Dardis**

Life is a poor novelist:  
it introduces too many characters  
without explaining their role  
and presupposes foreknowledge  
on the part of the reader.

Often, the syntax is askew  
in passages of persiflage,  
highfalutin babble,  
impenetrable even with  
the best dictionary for translation.

The chapters dispense  
with all sense of chronology  
and hold insufficient answers:  
subplots abandoned,  
intrigue unsatisfied.

None of the pages are numbered,  
no index for easy reference,  
void of footnotes or appendix,  
we are not granted the luxury  
of books for further reading.

People walk about  
with their dust jackets torn,  
spines cracked, dog-eared  
and yellowing, forgotten about  
on the shelves of humanity.

Life would not reach print  
by the high demands  
of us human publishers,  
yet it is the only manual  
we have to read.